

Bad Ideas

NUMBER
SIX



SPRING 66

3 dollars

Intro-

Ha, ha, ha..... and you thought we were never gonna put out another issue! Actually, I was almost convinced that it wasn't gonna happen. The old adage about doing things yourself if you wanna do it, came into place and well that's what I decided to do. Then I convinced Erik + Jon to help out so the three of us busted out this issue.

#6. almost been a year since #5 and then nothing, but I like this zine + other people tell me they do too so,.... It's done -

You may have noticed the format change. You may also notice that the content has changed a bit. No Columns, no reviews, no stencils and some other things. Most of the changes are due to the fact that, well, it was seeming more + more ridiculous to try + look like a mini MRR. So we dropped the Columns + reviews, and we changed the size. Plus, it makes more sense for us to actually look like a fan zine, instead of a poorly put together magazine. Bla, Bla, Bla, I think this new format is going to be awesome + more practical. let's see if it works.

other ~~changes~~ changes - the crew of me, jon + erik haven't really figured out an exact schedule for printing this zine. we'd like to get the next one out by August but we don't know if it's gonna be quarterly, or every four months, or six. we'll see!

one important thing I'd like to say is that we really want our contributors to design the pages they are writing for us. with out a columns section we have no place to put blank word files. ~~we~~ we think it would look really cool if every writer designed their own page. It would give a diversity to our pages, in a way that we couldn't do.

- Feel free to write something for us, be it your own personal rant, poetry, travel stories, band interviews, or a researched report on historical events. we'd like to see it. untill next time - ♡ @ Josh-Redd S.

Bad Ideas #6

807 North Main
Ann Arbor MI, 48104
thisbadidea@yahoo.com
(734) 327-3783

(Do not contact us about booking shows)

Cover By: Erik Heise

Staff:

Jon Kuperman
Erik Heise
Josh-Redd Sanchez

Contributors:

Josh-Redd Sanchez
Nate Higley
Geoffrey Hing
Erik Heise
Actual Birds
Gabe Heiss
Matt Hanson
The bad idea collective
Shannon & Tom Kenny
The Nail Polish Club
Tavi Lux Veraldi
Constant Agitation

NEW AD RATES:

Full Page 7in. X 5in = \$75
Half Page 3.5in X 5in = \$40
And for the new Budget ad,
2in X 2.5in = \$15



Submissions due July 15th 2006

We are accepting submissions (and ads) for Bad Ideas #7 up until July 15th of 2006. We are accepting any kind of writing, fiction, non-fiction, photography, art, comics, d.i.y. guilds (recipes, how to fix cars, bike maintenance, ext.) and so forth. Send us a hard copy or by e-mail at the above addresses. Please send us your work formatted to fit 7.5in X 5.5in. Please also try to send your work formatted the way you want it to look, if you send us just a word file we have to make it look good and we kinda suck at that. So do your own art work to go with your writing.

To order copies of Bad Ideas send \$4 well concealed cash or money order made out to Josh Sanchez. To order copies in bulk please send \$2 each if you are asking for more than ten copies. We have back stock of Bad Ideas numbers 4 and 5. Also we should have a web page up soon but we don't know the right address. #44p://badidea.info

Trouble at the Blind Pig in Ann Arbor

May sixth was scheduled to be the gender bender prom at the blind pig. Local pussy pirates and, From Seattle the Pharmacy were supposed to play. The Blind Pig was decorated pseudo prom-like. There were going to be raffles and prizes and, you know a bunch of goofy stuff in mock to the traditional high-school proms. Plus you know all the guys were in dresses and the girls had glued fake mustaches and chest hair on. It was planed to be a fun, all ages, queer positive event of music, dancing and drinking.

And then things got all stupid.

One of the members of the Pussy Pirates was caught drinking on the rail road tracks before the show by staff at the blind pig. Underage, she was kicked out of the club. So the Pussy Pirates couldn't play. But there were still raffle prizes and other fun stuff and the Pharmacy was still willing to rock all by themselves. It sucked that the Pussy Pirates wouldn't be playing but the show would go on and everyone was looking forward to seeing the Pharmacy.

Now up to this point I agree with the Pigs response to the situation. There are all kinds of legal reasons why you can't have minors who have been drinking at your bar. O.k., so the Pussy Pirates can't play but then the bar does some really stupid unexplainable stuff.

First, they decide to cancel the show. They say the Pharmacy can't play and everyone has to get out of the bar right now. This was at about 7:45 pm. The doors had opened at 6:30 and between 20 and 30 people had already played the \$7 to get in. so this sucks and seems really shitty of the Blind Pig, people are grumbling and kinda mad as we make our way to the front of the bar. And then it gets worse. The Bind pig refuses to give everyone any of there money back. Some people had just walked into the bar paid their \$7 and been immediately kicked out.

What the hell, I can't rationalize that kind of shifty, sketchy behavior at all. I can see no way of that being a fair or decent thing to do. As far as I can tell they strait up stole a bunch of folk's money.

I've never been overly fond of the Pig. But I just don't like bars in general, and over the years a lot of the crappy things the Pig used to do have stopped. So I've been coming around to more shows and even played there a few time in the last few years. My band is even booked there in June for an all ages show. But we're not playing. Not now, not unless the Blind Pigs admits how shitty that was and dose something to make up for it.

That our own personal choice as a band and I'm not telling other people what to do but consequently, I don't think people should be spending money there either or making them money for that matter. But I'm not sure what should be done if anything or how to make a local business responsible to the people who support them or even if we should.

Folks have been talking about a boycott, and I'm not saying that is the choice we should make. But maybe we should think about it. My idea for demands would be a public apology and while they couldn't return the money they took, they could at lest donate it to a queer positive non-profit, of the Pussy Pirates choice.

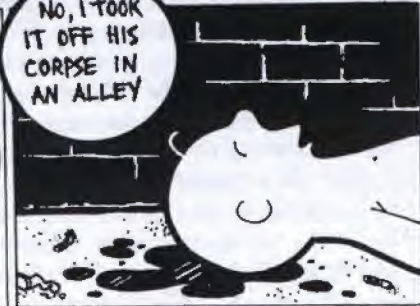
I didn't escape my attention that the event the shut down and the people they ripped off, were young, and in drag. I wonder if the response would have been the same had the audience been the over 21 crowd, and mostly heterosexual.

Anyone have ideas? Or should we just let it blow over. Write me either way.

josh-redd sanchez

reddjosh@hotmail.com

THAT POISON BUNNIE ♀IN:
**REVENGE OF THE
LITTLE RED HAIR
GIRL !!!**
A PARODY...
by NATE HIGLEY



NEW THINGS

The place where you live, even if it is a small town of 69,291 residents, is bigger than you can even imagine. After living in Bloomington for a few years, most people acquire a modified sense of geography. The strip malls full of decent dumpsters, less than two miles away on the east side of town, seem too distant to explore. Your friend's house, or even the bar, with the onset of winter, seems too perilous a distance to travel. When I lived in Columbus, I would ride my bike across campus, through the cold air of a Midwestern winter, past the looming complex of buildings where the brightest minds of academia and industry come together to concoct weapons of mass destruction, and over the river every day to get home. Now I barely make a trip of that distance once a week. Living in a small town has made cowards of us all.

I moved my things out of my friend's closet and into a basement room at a house named "Miles Away". 2.8 miles away to be exact, but the house is still the furthest outpost for all the Bloomington punks. My new roommates inhabit different social circles, I guess, but still, I don't see much of them. Riding home from the near west side for the first time last night really wasn't so bad, and I'll probably get a lot of pleasure at scoffing at my friends' complaints about the cold this winter, but riding to work in the early morning chill is an insult to an injury I'd rather avoid. So, I discovered Bloomington Transit. Did you know that you can attach your bike to any city bus for free? Did you know that the bus stops right in front of your house and that since you are a student (or in my case, possessing a found student ID), you can ride the bus for free? I didn't know these things, but there's a lot that I don't know. In the two years that I've lived in Bloomington, I had never ridden the bus. It made me feel a little bad when I thought about it. Here's this thing, that is such a huge part of people's life - something that, for some, is part of nearly every day, that totally contextualizes their notion of space and distance in the town, and its something that I've never really thought of.

So this morning, I walked across the street to the apartment complex where the bus stops and waited with two other folks in the chilly darkness for the bus to pull up. I held a woman's bike and watched feebly as she tried to show me how to attach my bike to the bus before realizing that the mechanism had frozen overnight. We sat in silence as the bus circled the apartment complex performing turn-around maneuvers with a precision that I hadn't witnessed since riding the bus to elementary school. I stared out the window as the bus turned down unknown streets where my bicycle tires had never tread, past-groups of high school students congregated like shadows, all wrapped in their dark coats, about a street corner waiting for their own bus to arrive. Faces bathed in white fluorescent light, I stole surreptitious glances at the other people riding the bus with me: the smoking man from the apartment complex. The bitter-faced woman who helped me with my bike. The young woman in the beret and faux fur hood who got on the bus at the grocery store parking lot with the young man with the headphones and the afro haircut. There is a different world in the early morning with it's own inhabitants and within that world a difference between the walk past the newly refurbished houses of the near west side and a bus ride past the strips of aging businesses on south Walnut. I'm sure some of the others riding the bus hate the routine of the bus ride. I'm sure many wish they were the people driving alongside the bus, independent and solitary in their cars. I'm sure that by the end of this winter, the novelty of public transit will have worn off and seeing the fading BT signs will only be a reminder of this particular winter, and nothing more. But this morning, this early December morning, the newness of the ride feels exciting and it feels good to have the twenty minutes to notice the machinery of my head creaking into operation and my thoughts beginning to coalesce.

Last week, I played the first show with a new band. We're trying to have a different theme to each show with audio samples and graphics to fit the theme. The first show's theme was, appropriately, "first times". One of the songs that we played was about how the exact same thing can happen to you twice, three times, even more, and how that

thing can seem entirely different because of all the other experiences and new perspectives that you've gained. Playing that show definitely felt new, but the newness of it, from the hours of practicing, to driving around gathering equipment, to setting up for the show, to the final trek across town, friends in tow, to the venue all felt so familiar. It could have been summer in the mid 90's in Carlisle, Pennsylvania. It could have been this time of the year, three years ago, when Defiance, Ohio was playing it's first show in Columbus. This made me think about how you can have mostly different experiences, in different places with different casts of characters, and they can feel new, but that the emotional weight of that newness always seems the same. It doesn't matter how many times you play a first show, or kiss someone for the first time, or learn a new skill or idea. It always feels scary and exciting and special and indelible.

My roommate told me to tell him if the noise was a problem. He was machining a tool post for a CNC machine to make circuit boards. He explained it a bit, but I didn't really understand. The simplified version was that he was making the tools to make the tools, which had a nice sound to it. I told him that the noise wouldn't bother me much and that I'd rather have the license to make late-night noise working on my own projects with impunity. I went to my little room and fell asleep in my new bed to the sound of grinding metal and the hum and clatter of an angry old space heater.

Geoffrey Hing
December 2005

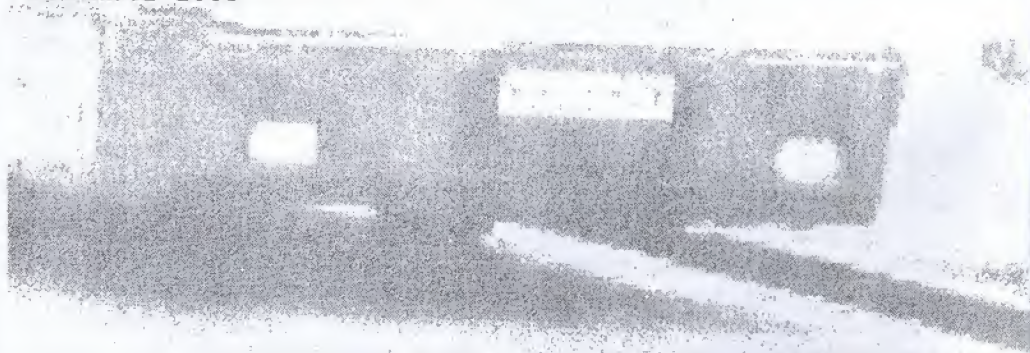


photo by Erik Heiss



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OFFICE HUMOR?





by ACTUAL BIRDS '66

Gabe is out of jail now. I ran in to him at a show last weekend and went "oh man we were just gonna get your letters off to the presses finally this week". He started writing us last fall but we haven't been able to get any issues out since then. So, here are the letters he wrote, I talked to him about wither or not we should change things or just scrape everything and skip it. In the end we decided to just leave it all in as it was. Obviously you can't write to him in jail anymore so we omitted the addresses and some of the stuff he says is irrelevant but for what it's worth, here are his thoughts on paper, over the last few months. We did a minimal amount of editing, changed some spelling but everything is as he wrote it, to respond, send a note to Bad Ideas. -staff



Letters From the County Jail #1

8/31/05

I've been meaning to write a column for Bad Ideas for quite a while now. I have to admit that I wanted to write for snobbish or arrogant reasons before, but now it's for humble and therapeutic ones. I was going to write "Why I Don't participate in Punk Week" which I relate to more now that it's called "Seize The Week" (I was even going to go as far as having and Anti-Punk Week or "Oi! Boy Pub Crawl" the same week) and "Why I'm a Skin and Not a Punk" which all seems irrelevant now that I'm behind bars. Without getting into it more, I guess I thought that no one in A2 really lived up to my idea of "Punk" in dress, attitude, or musical taste and I was constantly comparing the current "scene" with the one that I grew up in and even the one(s) before my time. I started getting less anti-Bad Idea House, etc. recently, as my (ex) girlfriend seemed to become more and more anti-punk and anti- Ann-Arbor in general. After living in Y-Town for 4 years I was anti-A2 for a while myself, but probably for different reasons. I think it was through going to shows at State Control and (reading) The Bad Idea and parties that I started liking some of the characters that make up this scene and realized that I liked them all along... but I digress.

What I really meant to write about is my experience in jail, because today as I fantasized about a sheet around my neck (after finding out at a sentencing that I'd be here for up to a year as opposed to getting out today w/ probation) I had the thought of creating my own crossword puzzle instead since attempting to solve them is all I seem to do in this God forsaken place. I thought I'd do one that I could figure out and make a Punk Rock crossword since that's all I really know about besides mustelids and primates. Stay tuned for Ska, Mod, and Hardcore Puzzles!

I'm sure most of you have figured out who I am by now, and most of you that know me know what I'm in for. Besides facing possible eviction at the end of September, things seemed to be going pretty well for me before the wee morning of August 7th. I traded a pair of shoes for a Trojan helmet tattoo (symbol of Trojan Records, skinhead reggae, and Trad Skins) by the traveling "Tiger Lady" Katzen who is the wife of the puzzled and the Jealous Type. Saturday we went to the Livonia Highland Fest as well as the involving certain collectible Nikes, and my band was asked to play with the legendary State on Weds. 8/10. I was also asked to play horn w/ the hairy Drain Babies for a Clash tribute Night at the Pig on 8/21(?).

Now, after 5 minutes of drunken stupidity I'm vacationing at the Hogback Hilton for a year with a possible early release (pending on a judge's sentencing review) after 1,3,...6(?) months dependant on my behavior, letters from relatives to the judge, and completion of classes available inside, I've been here 24 days so far and the only time

5 at JCU and only holds 50, I may get out
sooner than that. Let's just hope I get out
before June 6th.

It turns out my "lawyer" only sent a

I've smelled fresh air or observed the weather was between the jailhouse and the transport van, van and the courthouse, and back. I was sentenced at the 14 A-2 District Court in Ypsi and of course we passed by all the bars and places that I hung out at or played (there was even a Scotty Karate sighting) on the way back.

I'm doing time with 59-63 other 'hardlegs' in the open J Block. It's the so-called "Freedom Block" since you're not confined to a one or two man cell like most units. I guess I should feel lucky that I was reclassified and moved to a place where there are more opportunities and a better chance to get into classes toward early release. Right now I'm still on a month waiting list for ADA and MRT, but I'm taking classes in the unit. I'm still in the dark as to whether I get credit for those or not. Eh, it's somethin' to do I guess! We also get to choose from a limited selection of VHS tapes to view between 8 AM and 1 AM. There's almost every Clint Eastwood western, all of the Star Trek movies, a couple Terminator films, and the Five Heartbeats which is a hit in here. I'm sure this sounds like some resort to some of you as opposed to punishment, but I was just joking about the vacationing part. I assure you, it's just a nicer level of Hell. There's so much more I could accomplish on the outside and since I've been fighting this disease called 'aging' for so long, it's not a comforting thought that I'll be getting out at age 35-I mean 29 for the 7th time!

I'm sure I'll get thought this though, and hopefully I won't be ostracized when I get out. I welcome any letters of support or donations into my account for honeybuns (they're currency in here!) and more paper.

Gabriel Heiss
C/O Washtenaw County Jail

9/3/05

Though I know I **deserve** to be in here, I can't help feeling that I don't BELONG in here. I do think I needed a wake up-call, but **IM AWAKE!** Someone or something, be it God or Fate, was trying to tell me that I needed to make some changes in my life. To get out of my routing of 'just getting by' in a dead-end job with no room for advancement and barely scraping enough \$ each month for an apt. that I couldn't afford with said job. To get out of a co-dependant relationship with someone I don't get along with or perhaps was never meant to be with. I just don't see any point to any more jail time, or equivalent, and just want to move on and rebuild my life. Are you listening Jah? Allah? Jehovah? Yahweh? Krishna? Great Spirit? Odin? Santa Claus? Do I have to pick **one** before I can be free? A.A. says I do.

They gave me a 3 high here. (?) I could
have stayed at the dog pound in Ingham, but
instead of them recognizing my spotless record
was an inmate and trustee and award

Letters from the county jail #2

09/25/05

ALL MY FRIENDS ARE BASTARDS!

(If you have written me back sometime since 9/21, please disregard)

To Whom It May Concern:

I guess since none of you have ever been to jail (with the exception of maybe one of you,) you realize what it's like to be here in this hell. I've been incarcerated for a little over a month (since no one bonded me out) and now I'll be here for up to eight and ½ more, though I'm still hoping for an early release.

I NEED to stay connected to the outside world, people. To my friends, to my scene and to my band (?)... Oh wait, you guys already let that fall apart.

I'm not trying to give you guys a guilt trip, but I have written each of you at least once, but still no reply. Does anyone remember my request for help in corresponding with people whose addresses I don't have? Ryan Crane? James Lucas? Thom Elliot? Denise? Jake? Molly? Here are a couple new ones - Ben Burton and Collin Slevin. Do any of these people even know that I'm trying to get a hold of them? Do they know where I am?

How are my ferrets? Where are my ferrets? Am I still banned from the Pig? Am I being ostracized for what I've done, or did any of you really like me anyway? Are you all siding with "She-Who-Cannot-Be-Name?" What the fuck?

Where's the loyalty? Where's the empathy?

It may not seem like a long time to you since time flies in the 'real world,' but it crawls in here. When I get out, I'm going to be in debt \$10 a day to be in jail + court and attorney costs. I need to find a place to live, a new job, and start all over, basically.

For those of you that may be amused by this, I'm no joke. I'm not a dumb-ass Billy Davis who fucks up all of the time and doesn't learn from it. I got a RAW DEAL this time with trumped up and charges, a shitty attorney, and an ex that lied and exaggerated to make sure I spend a significant amount of time in here. I'm not totally innocent, but I'm going to go through life feeling like I got a harsh sentence and spent too much time in jail.

Whatever...

Yours Angriily, Gabe

Letters From The County Jail #3

10/07/05

A lot has happened since my last entry. It may seem like I was bitching about a month ago, but at least I still had hope. I've been here in this new jail without a letter from anyone.

Apparently in Washtenaw County, during overcrowding, before an out and out early release, they move people to other jails in surrounding counties like Jackson, Ionia, and even counties as far off as Marquette! I was (UN) lucky enough to be moved to Mason, MI in Ingham county. Where? Well, it's about a 1/2 hour North of Jackson and 20 minutes South of Lansing. This is where they send people from Lansing when the city jail is full or if someone has a significant sentence up to a year. They did send a guy here for a day though!

It seems like the majority of inmates here are in for not paying child support, but just how they're supposed to pay while in jail is a mystery to me and them. I guess the level above me is pretty rough (dubbed the Thunder dome!) and besides fighting, inmates up there are known for throwing urine and feces at each other and the guards! There's a GG All in every county or 3, or 4, or 5.

Well, it looks like any chance for early release now is pretty slim unless I get accepted into rehab back in a2. My plan and hope was to finish this class at hogback where they fax your certificate of completion to the Judge and then I would get an early release. I completed 5 out of 12 classes (almost 1/2) and at 2 classes a week I only had 3.5 weeks to go BUT NO! It wasn't enough to save me from being moved and here I rot.

Compared to Washtenaw County Jail (and especially the "freedom block",) conditions here suck. The meals are skimpier, there's no TV, and most of the guards are assholes - unlike the "social workers with badges" we have at hogback. Don't get me wrong, there are a lot of asshole guards there, too (they're cops for chrissakes!) but there were 2 or 3 that cared about your rehabilitation.

I'm trying to become a trustee so I can work, get a change of scenery, and hopefully make time go by faster. They usually eat better, too - especially if you work in the kitchen. Eventually I'd like to work at Animal Control (which is on the same property) and maybe grounds maintenance shoveling snow, etc. Well that's it for now. I'm still wondering who anonymously sent me that Joe Strummer book at Hogback. Thanx!

My new address is: Gabriel Heiss
40 Ingham Co. Jail

Letters from Ingham #4

12/12/05

"Bring'em to Ingham County Jail" is what they like to say around here. The cops anyway. Hell, if Washtenaw is "Washaway County," then Ingham is "Ignorant County." In the 1st dorm I stayed in here, I heard a 22 year old man agreeing with a 75 year old that "a woman's place is in the home" and that "women in the workplace lead to infidelity." Though I got along with them alright, I often had to bite my tongue around them. The younger guy, though pretty conservative looking (and acting!) played drums in a Goth/industrial band. What was even more shocking was when he referred to people of Middle Eastern descent as "Arabians!" Not Arab, but Arabian. It didn't sound as offensive as Ay-rab, but it was peculiar nonetheless.

Those two weeks or so in Post 3 Dorm did little to prepare me for the ignorance I've been subjected to here in Post 10 (Dorm D) amongst my fellow trustees. I find it really disturbing that so many dudes, usually of the 'gangsta' variety, in here refer to their significant others as "they baby momma." A lot of times they're not their girlfriends and they have several "babies mommas." The world's over populated and my bunko brags about making babies that he'll most likely be a 'deadbeat dad' to. One of the most ignorant things I heard him say was that he wants to make an 'oriental' baby. Not meet a nice Asian woman to fall in love with and marry, but to impregnate one just to have a ½ black ½ Asian 'little girl' (as if he can control what sex it's going to turn out to be.) Other things I hear him and his cohorts say are my baby momma won't make me pay child support, but my son's always got a fresh hook-up meaning clothes and shoes. What ever happened to condoms, birth control, and abstinence? Personally, I never want to have children unless I'm married and in love with his or her 'mama' and can afford to support myself and them. I've never felt that I could take care of myself adequately, let alone one or two more, and by them I don't mean I want a "stay at home wife", but there would be times that she couldn't work due to the pregnancy, delivery, and nurturing of the child.

Yeah, I can't relate to anyone in here. There's only one or two people I can somewhat relate to in my dorm. I never thought I'd say this but I get along with the guards better than most inmates. Unlike Washtenaw County Jail, I haven't found anyone into Punk Rock in here, and if there's any skins, there the wrong kind. There's one guy with a swastika tattooed on one side of his neck and an inverted pentagram on the other side. He has spider webs on his elbows and other indecipherable ink, but his hair isn't very short, probably a Charlie Manson type! He was walking with a shorter haired guy with blood on the back of one forearm, and honor on the other in old English. He's the wrong kind of so-called skin. These are just two of the twenty guys that pass by my janitor closet on the way to their GED class or whatever M-F. These are just two more examples of ignorance around here. Back to my dorm mates.

I recently wrote out a 'skinhead history' for
note here since everyone thinks we're nazis &
opium. Do you wanna print it? -Go

How be in a couple months? IP my IV
front the Bad Idea sounds like a bad idea i
understand. Just let me know.

Another thing I can't relate to is drug dealers. I used to just dislike the users - crack heads and junkies, but I get along with them better now than with the dealers. Some times I even feel sorry for them, but the pushers? Destroying their own people and neighborhoods? I can't respect someone who's never done a day of honest work of held a legitimate job in their life. I don't respect the easy money and materialism. The violence or potential for it goes along with it. Gun violence mostly, not the simple fists and steel caps street fighting some of us are used to, but much worse. And then... And then! And then they have the nerve to act all religious and say they believe in Jesus, etc. Fucking HYPOCRITES! All the killing (Directly them shooting or indirectly through contributing to their "custy's" addictions) and the fornication, adultery, stealing, lying, cheating, swearing, coveting, gluttony, and probable 20 more sins are going to send them directly to the Hell they read about in the Bible that they supposedly believe in. Idiots! Maybe I'm just mad cuz they're loud when I'm trying to nap or WRITE! Whatever.

Okay, my latest strategy is to write a motion to the judge for early release with the help of my new lawyer that I met in jail. He's in for being behind on child support FOC (Friend of the court) like 50% of everyone in here. Unfortunately, it's always the hard working guys with jobs that get put in jail so they can't make child support payments unlike the bastards makin' bastards with they babies' mommas here for weapons and drug charges. That's it for now.
-inmate#103358

Letters From Ingham County Jail (#5)

3/13/06

Well, here I am still. I haven't heard back from the judge about early release yet, but my attorney did send the motion on Feb. 4th. Much to my chagrin, he pushed for rehab as part of my early release which would have been fine a month or three ago, but it's kind of late in the game now. I could end up being in Dawn Farm past my outdate which happens to be the anniversary of D-Day. I feel kind of betrayed by my family since they seem to support the idea of me abstaining from drinking.

On a more positive note, besides recording and playing with my band, I have other ideas for keeping busy and contributing to the scene. Though I couldn't get many A2 kids to the Elbow Room while I was doin' it, I'd like to get back to DJing. Maybe a Northern Soul/Mod/Ska night, or another Punk/Garage/Glam night like before.

I'd also like to do a movie night at Chad's Little Ypsi/Natural Canvas or maybe at the Bad Idea. I'd like to show punk documentaries and old footage of local bands and then show a film like quadrophenia, or whatever, it would help to have video editing equipment or to find a computer that will support digital video editing. We'll see...

Letters from the Huron County Jail #6

4/19/06

I'll probably be free by the time this is printed, but right now I have a little less than 2 months to go. Apparently I wasn't granted an early release since instead of Washtenaw bringing us back home 2 weeks ago when they picked us up in Ingham with a charter bus, they brought 10 of us to St. Joseph near Lake Michigan, and 19 of us (including me) to Bad Axe near Lake Huron. We were on the bus all day and saw plenty of Amish folk. Our only concession was that we got to watch that new Johnny Cash movie, "I walk the line" on the bus. Anyway, there's still a chance that I'll get a 25% off a full year and get out in May. Since they picked up a guy with a later outdate than me last week, and WCJ is at 500 and only holds 320, I may get out sooner than that. Let's just hope I get out before June 6th.

It turns out my "lawyer" only sent a copy of that motion to the prosecution (who shot it down) and told my dad, "Maybe I should send it directly to the judge this time." (?) I also sent a hand-written version the other day that doesn't mention Dawn Farm, just to make sure he gets it.

Even though I was a trustee for 5 months in Ingham with outside clearance the last 3, they won't let me on the outside work crew here since I have a violent criminal history. That's bullshit! I wanted to work outside to help make my last 2 months go by faster and get better food, but here I'm classified as high risk. I had a 7 low classification at Ingham and Washtenaw with 8 being the lowest; they gave me a 3 high here. (?) I could have stayed at the dog pound in Ingham, but instead of them recognizing my spotless record as an inmate and trustee and awarding me with a job, they're punishing me for being good. Bastards!

So what's it like in the "punk world" these days? The closest I get here (which isn't close at all) is videos by Red Hot Chili Peppers, Fallout Boy, and All American Rejects. Pretty bad huh? There is a cool show on A&E called "Miami Ink" about a tattoo studio in Miami, and when I was in Ingham there was one set in Las Vegas. I don't know if Green Day has any videos since the other inmates pretty much turn the Station if it's anything other than rap. It's not worth arguing over and it's all part of my self-imposed anger management/patience training for me not to get worked up about anything. I can't stand any of the new rappers or what they call R&B, but has nothing to do with good Rhythm and Blues like muddy Waters or Ray Charles. Either I'm just nostalgic, or rap and hip-hop of my youth like Grandmaster Flash and Run DMC was better.

I can't even get Spin magazine anymore, so I really hope to get an issue or two of Bad Ideas while I'm here. I asked my dad to send an issue of "Scoot", too since I'm somewhat of a vintage Italian scooter enthusiast.

Alright, see you all soon (but not soon enough.) 6/06/06 is my outdate.

Gabriel Heiss

Bad Axe, MI

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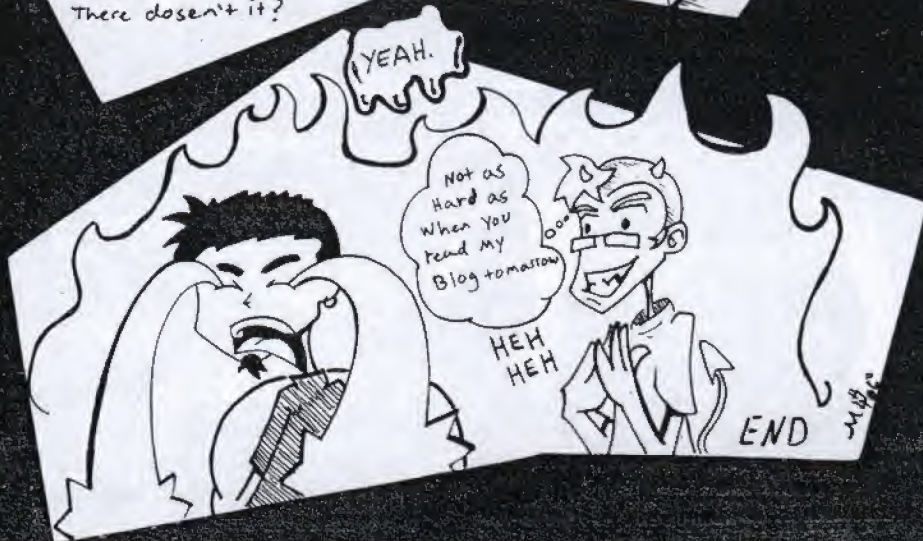
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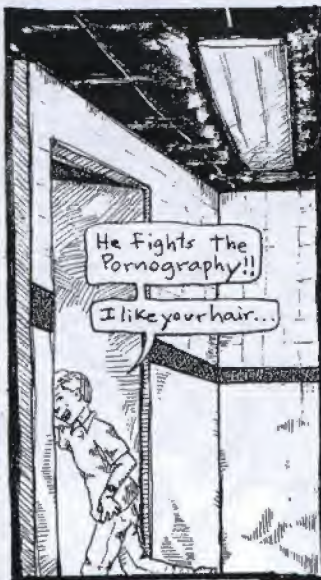
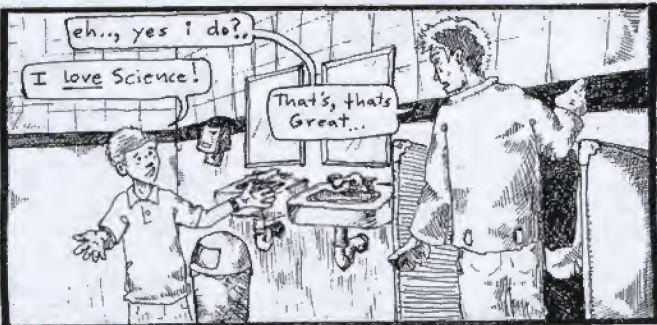
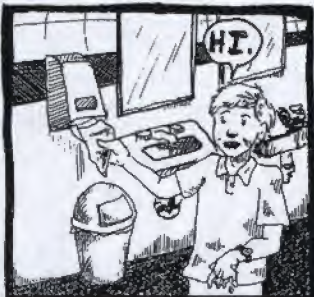
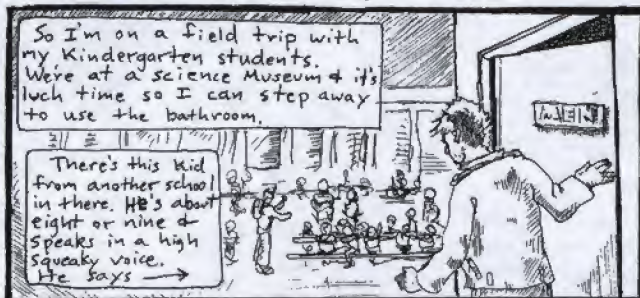
spamtheproject@gmail.com

COMIC OF the Week



I remember it Like it was
Yesterday. Optimus Dying
and all, I mean that was some
heavy shit. So sad, So, so sad...
...hits Ya Pretty Hard Right
There dosen't it?





HELLO AND WELCOME TO SHIT FUCKER INTERVIEW

3 PIECE RAW NOISE PUNK ENSEMBLE FROM DETROIT

what is your names and age what do you do//why do you get up in the morning//how long youve been together.....discrube what you sound like what bands do you listen to whats the influence.....

My name is Dik-Beat (17) and i play bass and sing for shitfucker, also in the band is Bruce(21) who plays guitar distort, and Tony Kaos (18) who plays the D-beats...

I get out of bed in the morning ussuaully to throw up knowing that i will have to live the rest of my life having to do shit that i dont want to.. im still in highschoool but am graduating and have basic future plans / put out records go on tour see more bands... all of us have jobs bruce and i work at resturaunts and tony kaos fixes antiques. Tony Kaos and I have been playing music together for almost 4 years always playing punk and started our first real punk band called Hew influenced a lot by other michigan crust/d-beat detroit bands like Fast or Famine and Random Axe of Terror. We got Bruce to be in our band to play bass, i was playing drums and tony played guitar and we had a singer named Kevin... soon conflicting scheduals made it so we could never get our singer to practice so Tony and I kept jamming and decided to start a raw fucking arse Discharged band with Tony on drums and me playing guitar and singing and came up with the name shitfucker, and naturally, Bruce ended up playing guitar and we have been playing our fucked up noise for a little over a year! our first show was the 2nd deviate detroit and ever since then weve been gettting fucked up and doing what we always loved to do together, make them touch and deafen the masses with our NOISE DISTORT!! I think we sound a lot like japanese D-beat like Disclose but also have many other influence such as finnish punk and even heavy metal:Celtic Frost!

How did you guys stumble into punk/what keeps you motivated to play shows for little or no money sometimes for a dozen people/ what keeps you Bastardz together?????

i think one of the first sweet punk shows i went to was at Flipside a record store in the suburbs and saw Contravene play and the opening band Random Axe of Terror was my first real exposure to Raw ass fucking punk!! after that ive been adicted to Dis/discrust metall we ussuaully dont make money for playing shows, we just like to play especially to different crowds.. at first the only people who would see us would be the ussuaully fuckers that we chilled with (klinger crew, ect.) but now i am trying to get to play to more different people playing outside of detroit in lansing and even Grand Rapids where ther are lots of young punk like us. i want to spread the noise and get more kids into fuckin D-beat raw punk and actually do something fucking PUNK. there are tons of grind and "thrash" bands but we play what most people think is just clone music but its fucking raw and new for a lot of people who dont even know what D-beat or Crasher Crust is all about. i think what keeps us together is that weve been friends for so long and going to punk shows together and making trips out of town or across mi.



What is the Detroit punk scene like any DIY spaces to play/ do you have

favorite Michigan band(s) you like to play with.....

I think the detroit punk scene is pretty sweet, there are a lot of kids but not many that actually make an effort to come and hang out all the time. i consider the most hardcore detroit punx the ones who live on klinger street: Manarchy house, WacArnolds, and the notorious Pumpkin house. there are some cool places to play, theres shows at bars like the painted lady and alvins but i like basement shows the most, we played at the cochrane which ended up being a nite of chaos and fire extiguisher destruction, our last show was in the suburbs in royal oak at our friends basement and that ended up being maybe one of our most brutal and intense shows. michigan bands that are good in detroit are Reaper, Pirate Law, Rigamortor, cant really think of any other ones! there are sweet bands but no one has money, everyone here is fucking broke as a joke and cant really put out any records. but with shitfucker were trying to get a record out hopefully with Big John and Big Jim our men from lima ohio. i think detroit is a fucking punk city, its the most trashed fucked up wasteland that ive ever seen and has yet to be discovered by the world as a haven for metal lovin crusties who party harder than any other city EVER!!!

Are record collectors pretentious assholes???

Record collectors is hippies! yes they are assholes pretentious!

what do you have out what's in the works/ where can the mass populous get the RAW PUNK.

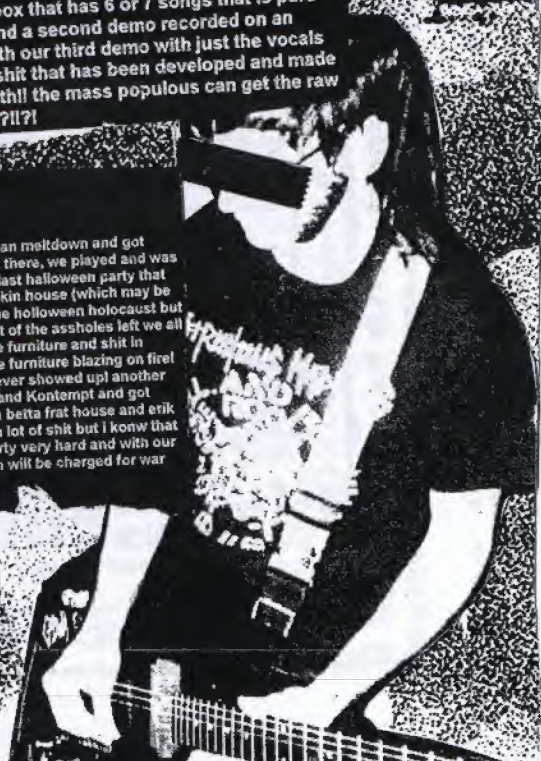
we have our first demo that was recorded on a boom box that has 6 or 7 songs that is pure discharge/disclose influence straight up raw d-beat, and a second demo recorded on an 8-track that sounds better, but we are almost done with our third demo with just the vocals left that will be our best for sure, its all of our newest shit that has been developed and made more into our own style but still very disbeated to death!! the mass populous can get the raw punk in places like japan, sweden, portland, DETROIT?!!?

any final thoughts funny gig stories!!! do you think Bush will be charged for war crimes one day.

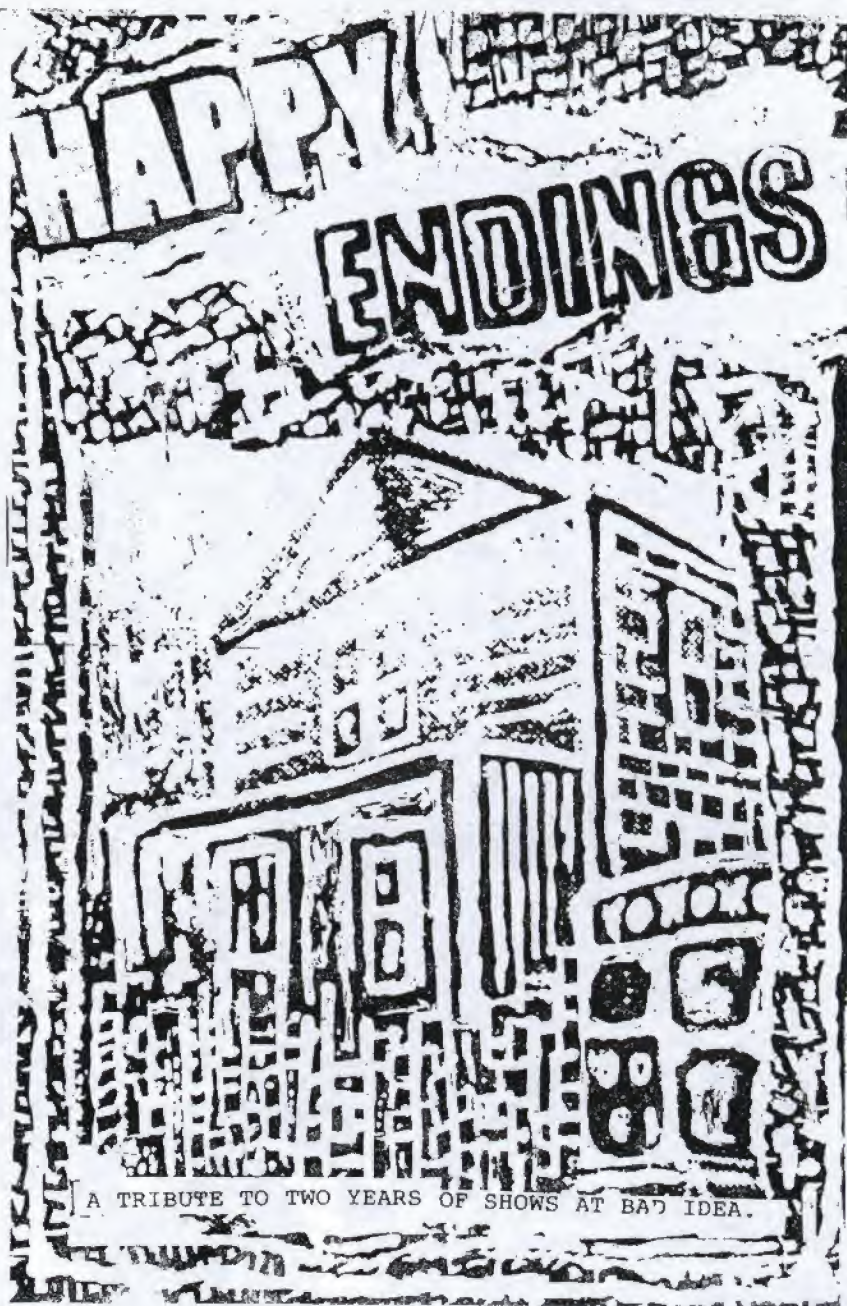
uh, a fun time was when we all showed up in grand rapids for michigan meltdown and got tottaly wasted and got added to the show that day cause we were all there, we played and was so fucked up! some funny things that happened in the past was the last halloween party that forever changed my life and the rats nest/rag city into the new Pumpkin house (which may be living its last days as a haven for sassa and friends) we didnt play the halloween holocaust but it was the most raging party that ive been to in my life and after most of the assholes left we all listened to Tammy, danced in the living room and destroyed all of the furniture and shit in sight... minutes later i go outside to the front lawn and there is all the furniture blazing on fire! the fire must have lasted for a few hours and the police of course never showed up! another funny time was when we went to columbus to see After the Bombs and Kontempt and got fucked up and harrased frat boys and ding dong ditched giant alpha betta frat house and erik bush dived with his butt out that was funny, cant really remember a lot of shit but i know that people in detroit like Timmy Drunk Punk, Red Beard, and SASSA party very hard and with our power we will hopefully put detroit on the punk map?!!!!? yes bush will be charged for war crimes unless the nuclear explosions kill him with the rest of us!!!

-DIK BEAT Dikbeat4eva@aol.com

SHIT FUCKER
OVER THE TOP
RAW DISTORT.



* October 05 the Bad Ideas stopped having shows. We put out a zine for the occasion. The next 2 pages are excerpts from that zine.



A TRIBUTE TO TWO YEARS OF SHOWS AT BAD IDEA.

- Happy Endings -

The idea was easy. Buy a house and throw shows there. Ok, ok, not entirely simple but a good idea (or bad, depending on who you asked). Anyway, I followed through and our first show was October 28th 2003.

Two years, huh. I even find it hard to believe sometimes. No cops, no fights, no bullshit really, (well some but not enough to complain too much about). How in the hell did we pull this off in Ann Arbor, the city that notoriously hands out noise tickets? I don't know what the record for the longest running house show space in this town is, but I bet we're up there with the best of them. It's just been, for me, really incredible.

My nature is to be absurdly prepared and offensively paranoid. That helped I think. We said we'd start shows at 9:00pm with the doors opening at 8:00. I can count on one hand the number of times we didn't start on time. We took extra precaution as far as how loud we were going to be. Well, I mean, we just took it into consideration. We sound-proofed as well as we could for each show and we ended by midnight almost every time we had a show. Early enough for some to still make it to the bar, too early for the ones who wanted to come to the show after the bars were closed. For the first, I don't know, dozen shows we had people showing up at two a.m. wondering how many bands were left. "Show ended at midnight dude. Sorry." After a while people started to actually show up on time, or miss most of the show. And we were even able to pay the bands, a fair amount, in a lot of cases. And I can't remember one person complaining about us asking for money.

It's just, I don't know exactly how to explain it, but this was my first consistent show spot that I didn't have to share with a collective as large as State Control. I got to do the things I'd always said a show spot should do. With, I think, the exception of maybe three or four bands and an electronic show, WE RECORDED EVERY BAND THAT PLAYED HERE. Every one, and we have a photograph of almost everyone also. I mean, we.....have kept a record of the house, of the town, of the national scene for the last two years. Hundreds of hours of music. We've had international bands come here too. They come to the states to play in our living room! How the...what the..... bands from Japan and Israel and Mexico and all over Europe. We've had bands play their first show here, bands play their last show here, and bands play their only show here. Hardcore, thrash, metal, punk, pop, acoustic, country, noise, rock, melodic, electronic, mathy, soft, loud, angry, nice and hopeful.

Sometimes, I just don't realize how cool this really is until I step back, take a deep breath and really think about it. This is almost too amazing to put words to. And I'm so thankful for the fact that there has been a string of really great house-mates helping me out. I can't take the credit for making this happen, (although I get it sometimes). Let me just say this once, **THERE WAS NO WAY I COULD HAVE DONE THIS BY MYSELF!** And hell, I was even gone for like a quarter of the time that we were throwing shows. But the idea was mine and it worked out better than I could have hoped for. For this I am truly impressed with this town.

♡ Josh

- Happy Endings -

On the other hand.

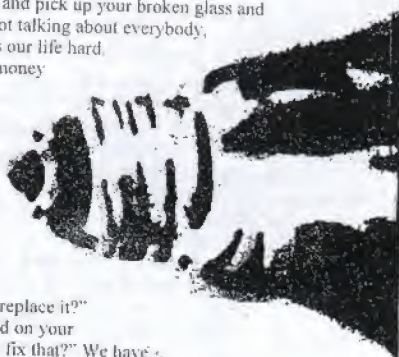
Some drunk once told me that, "if you don't want things to get broken you shouldn't have shows." Okay, sweet, that's what I want to hear idiot. Cuz that makes perfect sense right, it's our job to clean up after you and you get to act irresponsible and come see some bands, I mean you did pay \$4.00, right.

Listen up; this is one of the big problems here. See, a community, all ages, alternative venue belongs to just that, the community. A space like this can not rest on the shoulders of a few. In order for a community space to sustain itself the community has to be actively involved. The people who use the space need to participate in regulating the space. This is not happening as much as it should.

The problem with our space is that it has slowly deteriorated until by this point so many people treat the space as if it were a club. People show up they pay their money, they make a mess and they go home. We've watched folks dace with open beers, or shake there fist while clutching a 40', spilling it of course, all over our living room floor. I've seen people break bottles both on purpose and by mistake in my yard and leave the broken glass there. I've watched people knock over our bikes, or bump our magazines off the table. I watch people set empty beers, or half full ones any where they fell like. On the computer, in a plant, on the P.A., on the floor to get knocked over, on a chair, or mostly just in the yard or on the floor. I've watched people tear posters off our wall so they can write down a phone number, or knock them down by accident and then continue to dance on them. We've seen people bleed or puke, or put cigarettes out on our floor and just walk away. I'm consistently scratching my head and wondering who these people think is going to have to clean up after the show is over. I mean this is our house, this isn't a bar. We have to eat, sleep, live, and work here. Your beer wrecks our floor, and makes our house smell bad. We have to spend a whole lot of time picking up yer bottles, dumping them out and putting them in the containers we have on the yard marked "recyclables". We replace windows and poster and pick up your broken glass and cigarette butts. Ands you get to go home. I'm not talking about everybody, not even most people, but enough that it makes our life hard.

Unlike a bar we don't get paid to do this. The money we get from the door gets split between the bands that play and the magazine we put out (which also makes no money) and a few dollars gets put toward fliers and blank tapes and new sound equipment. The people who throw the show makes zero. We have never had anyone show up and offer to clean our yard. We've never had anyone come up to us after a show and say "I broke/ruined your poster/ light bulb/ window/ bike, can I help you replace it?" or "I accidentally put a hole in your wall/ walked on your garden/ left my beer on the floor, can I help you fix that?" We have never had anyone ask us if they could help us fix our bathroom, or our floor, or the grass that gets torn up, or any of the many, many things that get worn down and broken when we invite a lot of people into our house.

Not that, I'm including every single person who has ever come here. We have had random people sweep our floor, pick up empties and trash. Help us move furniture, even mop. We have had bands that stay here, give us records or wash our dishes. People are mostly cool. It's a rare occasion when someone is intentionally crappy to our house. I just don't think that people even consider how much work and energy it takes to do something like this as often as we do. People act inconsiderate, they act like.... well like



- Happy Ending -

they do at the bar, but this is not a bar. We do this because we love the music, we love the community, we love the people and the bands. It's so much fun, but at this point, the amount of work we have to do to keep our house functioning, is more work than throwing shows is worth. It's just we can't keep repairing faster than things get broken or ruined. Our window gets broken and we get it fixed in time for our bathroom to get trashed and that gets fixed just before the window gets re-broken. Our yard is never clean and our living room is in constant transition because we have to take it all apart every other week.

We may start doing shows again in the future. It's a possibility but there's a few things that might need to happen first. If we continue to have shows in our living room we are going to have to either stop letting people drink inside or hand out those sippy-cups that toddlers use to keep them from spilling their milk, or we need a new floor. Dancing and stomping and jumping on wood that is slowly rotting because of spilled and fermenting alcohol is destroying the floor we have (but hey, at least you had fun). We need a newer one or one that's drunk proof. Another option is to re-do our basement so that we can have shows there and leave our living room for, well, living. That project is gonna take a lot of work and a fair amount of money (which we may have, if our refinancing works out well.) We have to build a wall that goes next to the foundation around the inside wall of the basement, then dig out the floor a few feet and lay down concrete. It's a big job and we will get it done eventually, we just don't know when we'll have the time. There are also other ways in which we can start throwing shows again we just haven't figured them out yet. There are ways we can do this and make it work. Without

destroying our house, without costing us a bunch of money, and without creating an

absurd amount of work for the people who live here.

In the meantime,

what are you supposed to do for fun now?

There are already other places to play in ann arbor that are all ages and aren't bars. And, there is always the possibility of

Doing It Yourself. I

mean that's what we did.

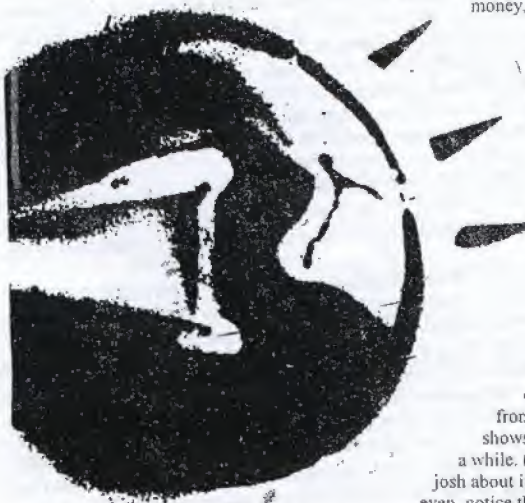
You also have the advantage of renting a P.A. (for cheap.)

from the place that stopped doing shows and won't be needing it for

a while. (That's us and our P.A talk to

josh about it) If all goes well, no one will even notice that ann arbor lost a venue,

because independent venues will be springing up all over this town. It was awesome while it lasted.



josh-redd Sanchez

Happy Ending -

Wistful Misty-Eyed Bullshit from Jeff Perkins.

Tonight is the 10th anniversary (albeit 7 days shy) of the first time I went to an Ann Arbor house show. It was at 910 W. Huron, listed in BYOFL as the Westside Laundromat. I was playing in a band called the Fags and it was our first Ann Arbor show. I was informed upon calling, to my chagrin, that it wasn't really a Laundromat, that they just had a ton of broken washing machines. At any rate, the show was in this tiny area in the basement, which meant that everyone that wanted to see the band had to cram in. It also meant that if one or two people got excited and danced, everyone had to dance. There was no room for otherwise. We met so many people that night - Aaron Dilloway, who offered to put out a 7" for us, Fred Thomas who offered and followed through with putting out a 7" for us, John Rastafari (Griffin) who told us we should play his house on Prospect, the Snitches who I became good friends with plus a myriad of other Ann Arbor staple that would eventually draw me to this town permanently. At the same time, other houses were doin' the same thing: The Prospect House, The Jefferson House, Scorpio McSatan's Kung Fu Lounge (Chapin St.) and not to mention a host of other houses that would have shows every so often like the one on Hamilton Place.

The awesome thing was that there were other places having punk shows too - The Green Room, The Half-Ass, Cross Street Station, Tower Records and the Blind Pig. I even saw The Laughing Hyenas at fucking Rick's once. With so many places around town to play, the scene fucking boomed! You could see two or three shows every weekend and still miss half of them.

There were bands from out of town every week, some from as far as California, some as close as Jackson. Bands would come play here with your band, and then they'd get you a show where they were from. Then you'd meet some other band and bring them back to your town. With so many options, the traffic of punk rock was a blur across the all of Lower Michigan.

Around 1997 things toned down a lot. There wasn't but one or two houses having shows and half of the traditional venues shut down or slimmed there punk intake. I couldn't name one band from around that time. It was a dark time in my eyes.

I was lucky enough to be part of a show house in Ypsi called the Cobra Youth house. We had shows at least 2 or 3 times a month. Other houses around our block had shows now and again, rather inconsistently, but they had 'em. A ton of great bands were playing then, too. We had the Locust, the Rapture and Against All Authority, just to name a few of the better known bands. I made a lot of connections with people that I had lost contact with because we did shows.

Having said all of that, I don't think I have to explain why I think it's a tragedy to see another house close its doors to having shows. I'd like to say that when one goes down, one usually pops up, but that's not quite the case. This can be a lonely town without venue options and high capacity venues like the Pig and that New LIVE joint aren't real alternatives for consistent house shows. Someone needs to pick up the torch that the Bad Idea is laying down tonight, even if only for a little while.

- Happy Endings -

WHY I ♥ playing @ 

I've Played a lot of Shows -
Bars, Houses, and Trucks.
But, the Bad Idea IS By far
my favorite Place to play. It's
Not comfortable, It's Not
convenient, It Doesn't pay well.
But It IS fun and makes me
Feel like I'm part of a community
A community that places High value on
on the Same things I Do. Like Music,
Self expression and love. A room
full of Kids Dancing, laughing, and
sweating together. the Bad Idea
IS a Place you Can Be your Self,
and as Different as we may Be from
each other, This IS still ours.
our Place, our time, our Scene
and we're Building It from the
ground up.

Gettye Lee



SO, IT'S FINALLY SPRING TIME AND THE GROUND IS THAWED. TIME TO GET YOUR GARDEN GOING AND YOUR COMPOST TURNING! IF YOU DON'T ALREADY HAVE A COMPOST PILE, NOW IS THE TIME TO START ONE. IF PROPERLY TENDED, YOU SHOULD HAVE RICH WONDERFULLY COMPOSTED SOIL ON TIME TO MIX IN WITH YOUR FALL PLANTING CROPS, LIKE GARLIC, ONIONS, POTATOES, AND OTHER TUBERS. BY NEXT SPRING YOU'LL BE READY TO USE YOUR COMPOST FOR STARTING SEEDLINGS INDOORS, EARLY IN THE YEAR. IT ONLY GETS BIGGER AND BETTER AS TIME GOES ON.

A GOOD COMPOST PILE SHOULD CONSIST OF TWO PARTS BROWN (FOR CARBON) AND ONE PART GREEN (FOR NITROGEN). BROWN MEANS ANY DEAD YARD CLIPPINGS, DRY LEAVES, TWIGS, COFFEE GROUNDS, CRUNCHED UP EGG SHELLS, ETC... BREAD CAN ALSO BE GOOD, BUT ONLY BREAD WITH ALL NATURAL INGREDIENTS, NO ADDITIVES! CHANCES ARE, IF IT CAME IN A PLASTIC BAG, IT'S NO GOOD. GREEN CONSISTS OF VEGI SCRAPS FROM THE KITCHEN (RAW IS BEST, BUT COOKED DOESN'T HURT), FRESH GRASS CLIPPINGS, LIVE YARD TRIMMINGS, ETC... NEVER PUT ANY MEAT, DAIRY, HUMAN, OR PET FECES IN YOUR COMPOST. MANURE FROM GRAIN EATING ANIMALS IS GOOD, SUCH AS HORSES, COWS, GOATS, CHICKENS, RABBITS, ETC...

WHEN YOU'RE FIRST STARTING A COMPOST PILE, YOU'LL WANT TO ADD IN SOME TOPSOIL TO SPEED UP THE DECOMPOSITION PROCESSES. IT CONTAINS ALL THE GOOD LITTLE BUGS AND WORMS THAT ARE ESSENTIAL TO A HEALTHY COMPOST PILE. EVENTUALLY YOUR PILE WILL BE SELF SUSTAINING AND ADDING OUTSIDE DIRT WILL BE UNNECESSARY. BUT FOR STARTERS, YOU SHOULD MIX IN ABOUT 25% TOPSOIL TO YOUR PILE OF GREEN AND BROWN.

WHERE TO PUT YOUR PILE: SUN OR SHADE IS IRRELEVANT. COMPOST CAN DO JUST FINE IN EITHER. IT IS IMPORTANT THAT YOUR COMPOST STAYS MOIST, SO YOU'LL WANT IT TO BE EXPOSED TO RAIN. DURING DRY SPELLS YOU MAY NEED TO WATER IT. WHEN YOU PICK UP A HANDFUL OF COMPOST, IT SHOULD BE MOIST ENOUGH THAT YOU CAN BALL IT UP, WITHOUT IT CRUMBLING APART, KINDA LIKE A GOOD SNOWBALL.

A SINGLE COMPOST PILE SHOULD BE ABOUT THREE FEET TALL AND THREE FEET WIDE. AS YOUR FIRST PILE PROGRESSES INTO DIRT, YOU CAN START A FRESH ONE NEXT TO IT. IT IS VERY IMPORTANT TO TURN YOUR PILE REGULARLY. THE MORE OFTEN IT IS TURNED (AERATED) THE FASTER IT WORKS. ONCE A WEEK IS ADEQUATE.

A HEALTHY COMPOST PILE SHOULDN'T SMELL AND VERMIN SHOULD IGNORE IT. IT IS HOWEVER, BEST TO BUILD A FENCE AROUND YOUR COMPOSTING AREA BECAUSE DOGS WILL OFTEN TAKE DESTRUCTIVE INTEREST IN THEM. THIS SHOULD ALSO PREVENT NEIGHBORHOOD CATS FROM THINKING IT'S A BIG COMMUNITY LITTER BOX. GRUBS ARE ALSO NO GOOD BECAUSE WHEN THE COMPOSTED SOIL IS TRANSPORTED TO YOUR GARDEN, THEY'LL GO ALONG WITH IT AND TRY TO EAT ALL THE ROOTS OFF THE GRASS IN YOUR LAWN. AS I SAID BEFORE, EARTH WORMS ARE VERY NECESSARY. THEY DIGEST YOUR SCRAPS AND POOP OUT "CASTING." VOILA YOUR FRESHLY COMPOSTED, RICH IN NUTRIENTS, NEW GARDENING SOIL!

COME WINTER TIME, YOUR PILE WILL OBVIOUSLY BE FROZEN, DORMENT. SO, IT IS BEST TO DIG A BIG HOLE IN THE GROUND, IN THE LATE FALL. THIS IS WHERE YOU CAN STORE YOUR KITCHEN SCRAPS UNTIL NEXT SPRING. ALWAYS KEEP THIS HOLE COVERED, TO KEEP THE CRITTERS OUT. A 4'X4' PIECE OF PLYWOOD AND A COUPLE BIG ROCKS OR BRICKS WORK JUST FINE.

OK, NOW YOU SHOULD BE READY TO GO ON AHEAD AND CUT DOWN ON WASTE THAT ENDS UP IN A LANDFILL, WHILE ENRICHING YOUR GARDEN SOIL ALL AT THE SAME TIME! THAT'S JUST SWELL!

Movie Review

BY the Nail Polish CLUB

THIS MONTH'S MOVIE IS "SAW". WRITTEN BY: DUMB SADIST JERK. RATED: STUPID.
DIRECTED BY: SOME NO-TALENT FUCK. RUNNING TIME: TOO LONG

WHAT THE CRITICS ARE SAYING: "PUTTING CREEPY PUPPETS IN THERE WAS NOT ENOUGH. BOO." - JEN KOPPIN

"Be careful what you wish for; you might end up renting SAW!"

- Christina Lee

"I hate you guys. Why did you wanna see that movie?"

- Monica

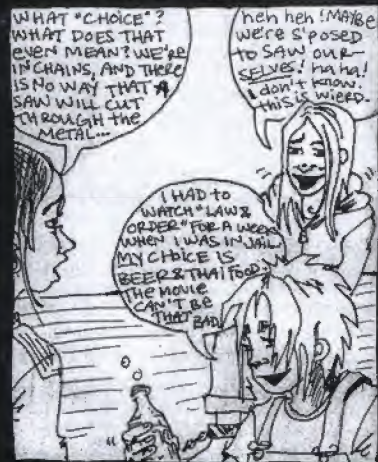
"I think we should punch people who liked that movie."

"Wow. After that, 'Ninja Cheerleaders' is gonna ROCK!"

- Christina Lee

"I have a headache." - Monica

- Jen Koppin



IN CONCLUSION: THIS MOVIE TOTALLY SUCKED ASS. NO CHARACTER DEVELOPMENT WHATSOEVER, MAKING IT IMPOSSIBLE TO CARE IF THEY ALL DIE. THE "PLOT" WAS MURDERED, AND IT WASN'T SCARY. WE'VE SEEN BETTER GORE ON "SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE." BOO! BOOOO! BOOOOO, I SAY! BORING, AWFUL, SHITTY-CRAPPY-SUCK MOVIE. H.P.C.



The Rockies:

by josh-redd sanchez

I'd already crossed the Rockies 1, 2, 3, times. Now here they were looming up in front of me again. I was in southern Mexico, a hundred miles or so east of Oaxaca heading north/east toward San Cristobal De La Casas.

I'd just come from over the Rockies earlier that day. I'd planed on turning west but changed my mind on a whim. I'd been on my motorcycle about two months now. Left Michigan in November and made a stop in Colorado that turned longer than I meant it to, due in part to the death of and old family friend.

Now I was climbing the first foot hills, again. Up, up, up I go. I'm surprised to find a newly paved road lacking in traffic. The road is solely mine and for the next twenty miles up, I see all of two cars. About half way up I cross into the Mexican State of Chiapas. I stop to smoke a cigarette, looking south now, over the side of the mountain at the expansive valley I just left.

Shortly, I'm going down the other side. The road levels off and fills with vehicles. It doesn't stay level for long. Pretty soon I'm back going up. This time the road doesn't switch back along the side the mountain. This road goes directly into the mountains. Up, and up and now I'm swallowed up by the hills. No longer can I look down at the valleys below. Every cigarette is spent looking off the mountain down at more mountains. And still I go up. I didn't know this then, but San Cristobal De La Casas lies in a valley inside the mountains.

Eventually I do reach the last crest and start heading down, but there's one more surprise waiting up there. On the top of this mountain, on the very top and down though out the valley are rows and rows of corn.

I'm stunned.

I am from the mid-west. We grow corn there, where it's flat. It's never occurred to me that you could, or would grow corn on the mountains. It's an entirely new idea to me, an entirely new cultural difference, and entirely new way to use a mountains. But it makes sense right?

Sta. Ma If you live in the mountains, you would grow your food there wouldn't you. In the States we leave our mountain for ski slopes and mining sometimes. Other times we just leave them. Of course we have people who live there too; we just have enough flat land that we don't need to grow corn on top of the Rockies.

Chima I actually don't even know if they call these mountains the Rockies in southern Mexico. What ever the name it's the same mountain range. I know because I followed it south from AS Colorado.

Within the next few weeks I would follow the mountain range further south. Staying actually in the mountains until El Salvador. There the range was finally broken.

In my head, just like my assumption that corn is grown where it's flat, I've always considered the Rockies a part of the United States. Knowing full well they reach north into Canada all the way to Alaska I've still, always thought of them as the U.S. mountains. It had never occurred to me that they go south. And it'd never occurred to me just how far south they went. Despite the differences in cultures, despite the different uses, and the histories and meaning each little section of people feel about their part of the mountains, it's still just one mountain range. The same mountains that hold the jungles that the Zapatistas live in, are the same ones that supported the mining town I was born in. At the funeral in Colorado my friend was buried at the foot of the mountains she's lived near her whole life, the same ones indigenous people in Guatemala have lived in for centuries.

The Rockies, or whatever the name is, the mountain range in the middle of the North American continent, has no definitive uses, no ultimate meaning. The mountains know no borders.

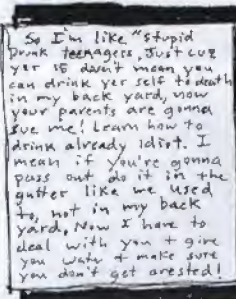
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VAULT OF MIDNIGHT

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NATE HIGLEY 2004

Anti Nazi Protest Lansing 2006 Photos by Erik Heiss



History:

We're going to continue our history section, because we feel it gives a depth and since of place in our community to see, what was happening before. And I think it emphasizes the relevance of kids using copy machines and sharpies to shape the culture we live in.

We may end up expanding this a bit in the next few months. But for now this is what you get.

The following pages are from an Ann Arbor Ypsilanti based photo zine called Constant Agitation. This issue came out, around 1997 give or take a year. Look close and you can see a bunch of folks who still play in bands being all young and shit.

Constant Agitation #5

Free
MI

South East MI: Best & Only Photo Zine

Nadsat Nation

Mazinga

The Gepetto Files

The Groovie Ghoulies

The Brewts

Blue Onion

Moltov The Muffs The Fuckin' Dreambeats

This is Mazinga on the cover (L-R): Marc, Chris (guitar) & Don

"When development time is increased by 15% for each 28 rolls." "Dilute just before use and discard after processing." "When development time is increased by 15% for each 12 rolls." "When development time is increased by 15% for each 4 sheets or rolls."

Here we are, issue #5. I added a few pages this time around which means... more trees cut down seriously though, more photos and hard to read writing. This also means a few more bands, and one puppet show. The Muffs & the Groovie Ghoulies are the away bands for this issue, every one else is local to Ann Arbor.

This is probably the first time the zine has been late in it's short existence, thus far. This probably would have been into your grubby little hands a month earlier, had it not been for school, work a bunch of other factors (i.e. - laziness).

I hope you all enjoy the photos, that's what I'm here for. To give you all some neat pictures to look at. Enjoy.

Here is something you might see entering the KungFu Lounge



NADSAT NATION



Ben & Dave

These shots are from the last show Nadsat Nation ever played. At Scorpio McSatan's Kung Fu Lounge on 08/23/96. I'm willing to say that Nadsat was one of the best bands to come out of Ann Arbor, since Iggy & the Stooges. Nadsat played heavy, fast, straight up punk rock.

Manual Processing

FIXING TIMES, with frequent agitation, in a fresh fixing bath at 65 to 75°F • 18 to 24°C:

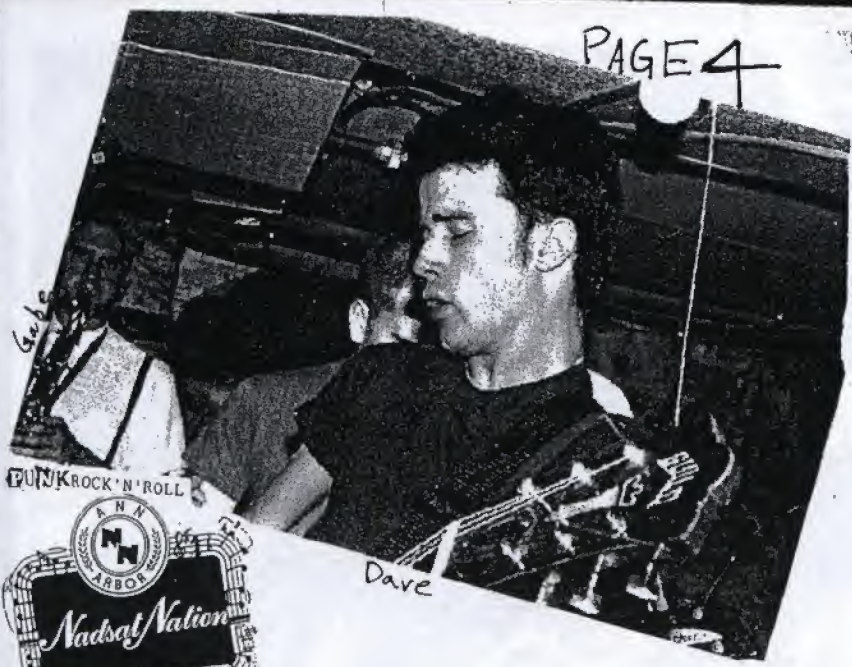
Most Kodak professional films.....	2 to 4 minutes
Most Kodak professional films.....	3 to 5 minutes
KODAK T-MAX Professional Films.....	1 to 2 minutes

③ This particular show was somewhat hard/challenging to shoot, because it was packed in. If your going to be shooting a band in tight areas go get a 24 or 28mm lens. It'll let you get really close to the subject, and get more in the frame at the same time. Unfortunately, I only had a 50mm lens for this shoot.

GABE ↴

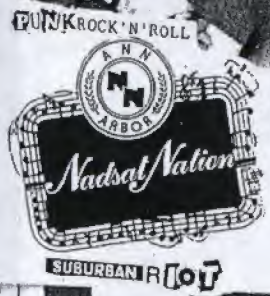


PAGE 4



Gabe

Dave



⑤

Molotov

in the Useless
Basement, Ann Arbor.
10-19-96

straight ahead punk, from these Ann Arbor
guys (& girl). It might be just me, but I
think this was another short lived
band (couple years). They are no longer
together.



This guy never wears pants. You can see him
in winter wearing shorts. Always!

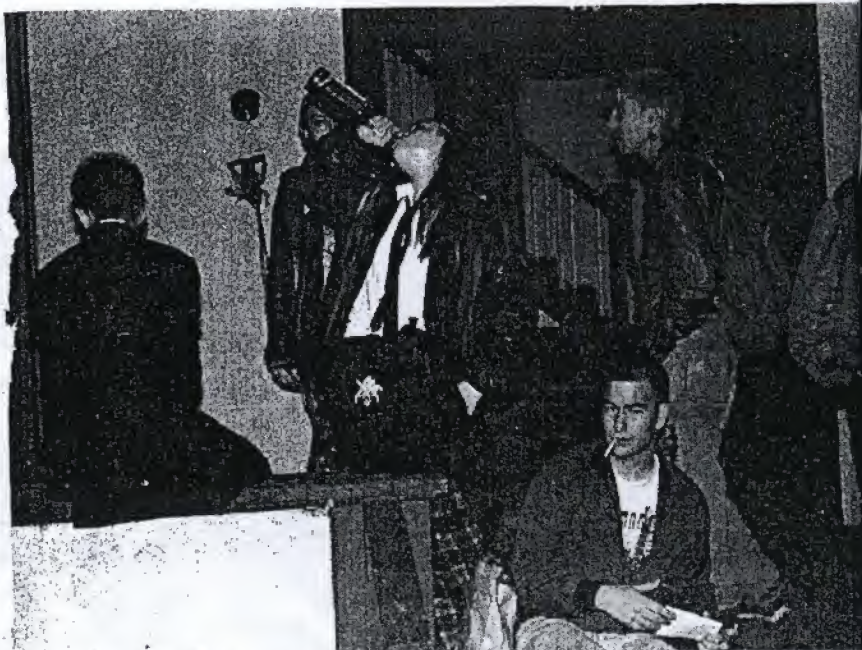
NATE



I'm not sure if it was the size of the basement or the number of people in attendance, but this was an exciting, crowded show. There was barely enough room for the band to move, as you may be able to see from the above photo. I was able to get behind the band for this photo. Always try to get behind a band to get decent crowd shots.



Jeff of the
FAGS, carrying
his bass drum
out of the
Basement.



Carrie (the Fags) Chris (Mabinga) Ben (Madset Nation) Josh (Blue Onion)
[behind Miranda]

This was shot outside/upstairs from the Useless basement. Interesting show, this one. My brother and I showed up in security outfits (rent-a-top) skeleton gloves. People thought we were the police. Underagers hid their beer as we passed by. I showed up late (mid Fags set) & had the pleasure of scaring the band w/my outfit as they came out of the basement. After Motor things got interesting. The real cops showed up. Ann Arbor's Finest. Then some girl stole my skeleton gloves.

Focal length	Maximum Aperture	Angle of View	Lens Construction (Groups/Elements)	Minimum Focus Distance	Maximum Magnification Ratio	Filter Size
24-70 mm	F3.3-5.6	84°-34°	7-8	0.4 m (1.3')	1:4.7	62 mm
mm	F3.5-5.6	75°-30°	7-7	0.7 m (2.2')	1:8	58 mm
mm	F4-5.6	35°-8°	9-13	1.5 m (4.9')	1:3.8	58 mm
					1:5.8	52 mm

MAZINGA

8

Ann Arbor's Best & only... well, never mind.
This 4 piece plays basic roots punk, with
some surfy influences, particularly in the guitar.
Keep an eye out for this band. Their live shows
tend to get a little wild. Always a good time &
fun to shoot.

Mazinga has done a small tour of California.
Opening for the Business, at one show.

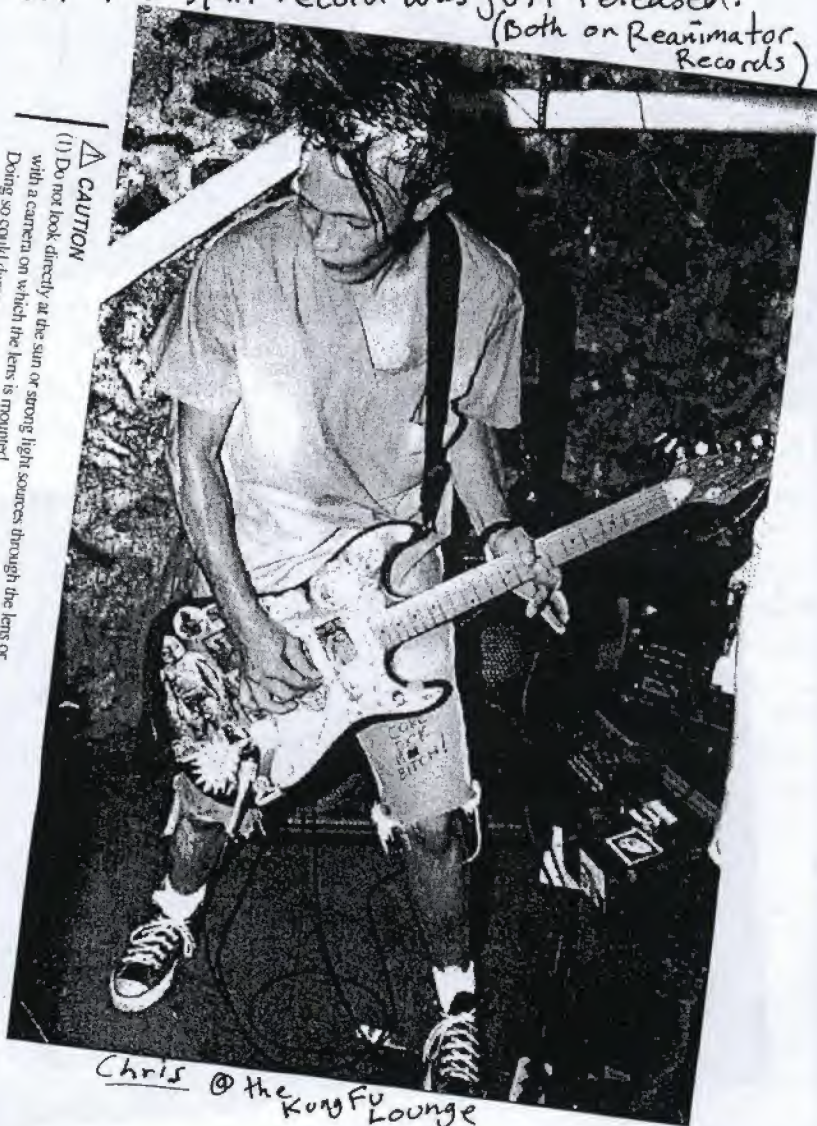
Chris 2



- ⑨ Aside from appearing on some local comps. Mazinga has 2 7" records out. The "Legacy" EP & a split 7" w/D.C. Band Adam West. The 'Legacy' record is becoming hard to find, but the split record was just released.
(Both on Reanimator Records)

⚠ CAUTION

(1) Do not look directly at the sun or strong light sources through the lens or with a camera on which the lens is mounted. Doing so could damage your vision.



Chris @ the Kung Fu Lounge

The KungFu Lounge

110



Marc

The Green Room



Big Tony

Marc

Chris

11 Be Careful of when you schedule a record release show. While the Detroit Redwings were winning the Stanley Cup, Mazinga was kicking out the jams at the Green Room. Those lucky enough to have been there got to hear Marc tell the story of the Easterbunny, in a Christopher Walken voice, and their cover of "Hybrid Moments". The Antigars opened up that night, and they morphed into the Brewts

Shortly
thereafter.



(2) Do not set the lens in places exposed to direct sunlight. The light reflected off the lens may focus on a nearby object, and cause a fire.

This
is
Big
Tony
On Bass

Big Tony



Don "Downtown" Detroit

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Blue O

The only releases by these guys is on local tape compilations. So far.



This was shot at a Food Not Bomb benefit in Ann Arbor. This was the first FNB show Ann Arbor has ever had, as far as I know. The audience had to wait through some band with strange instruments to get to the good stuff.



TO

more Ann Arbor
punk rockers

Blue Onion is similar to the
other Ann Arbor bands, in that
they play straight ahead punk
rock'n'roll. Kinda like the Circle
Jerks or Dead Kennedy's did in the
early '80s.

Their only release I know of is
on a tape compilation that Josh
put out last summer.

WARNING

- (1) Do not look directly at the sun through the lens.
Doing so could result in blindness.
- (2) Do not leave the lens within the reach of young children.
The lens may fall and injure the child, and the strap may get wrapped
around the child's neck, resulting in suffocation.

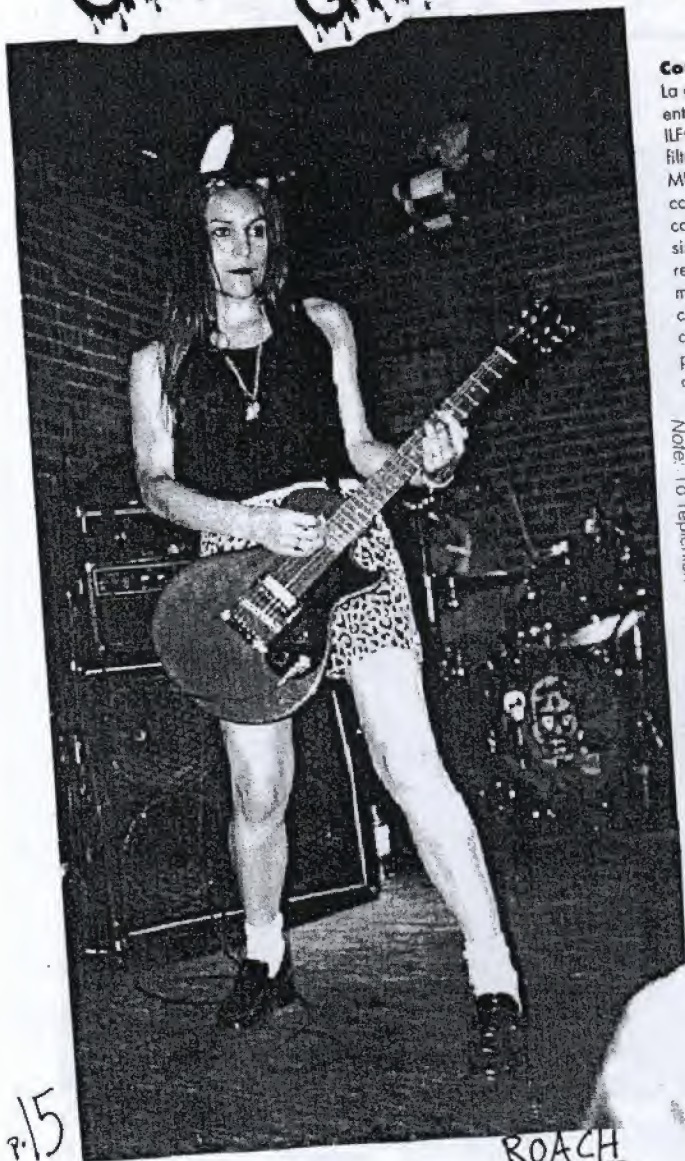


Josh

(Blue Onion @
Scorpio M. Satan'skung Fu Lounge)

THE GROOVIE GHOULIES

at the Shelter,
in Detroit,
August 1997



Control del contrast

La gama de contrastes es enteros de la escala de gr ILFORD. La gama de cont filtro es ISO R100; los co MULTIGRADE están indic contraste puede ser varia con los filtros MULTIGRAI sistema de exposición M' reemplaza al alojamiento mayoría de las ampliade cabezal ampliador MUL' obtener una gradación c puede utilizar también e con contraste variable de

4. Stir until the solution is completely mixed.
The fixing bath can be replenished as described, 2 times for KODAK Direct Exposure Film and 4 times for all others. The bath should then be discarded and replaced with a fresh solution.
Note: To replenish with mixed replenisher solution, refer to table on page 4.

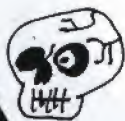
P.15

ROACH



KEP!

16



Panic
Plays
drums

Guest
Bass
player

the
Ghoulies
came out
from CA
to play for
us. They
played a
short set
but a good
one none the
less. They
played one of
my favorite songs,
"The Beast With 5
Hands" (off the 7" by
the same name). They also play a good
mix of songs from their albums.

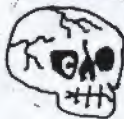
If you don't know the Ghoulies... they do rock'n'roll, Halloween style. They have several albums and 7"s on Lookout! records. They have also released some 7"s by themselves.

P.17

Kept

If I had to
describe the
Groovie Ghoolies
in one word,
that word would
be: FUN.

Kept spent a lot
of time jumping
up & down and
bouncing all over the
place. As a bonus,
between songs they
threw little plastic toys
into the crowd.



Roach



The Muffs

18



The Muffs also played at the shelter. They were headlining the show that the Groovie Ghoulies were playing. I really don't know much about the Muffs, but they covered an Angry Samoans song this night. For me, that was the highlight of their set. The band didn't move around too much, so, I only printed one interesting photo.

KODAK DEKTOMATIC 65 Paper Processor

To use this fixer in the KODAK DEKTOMATIC 65 Paper Processor, dilute one part Solution A to three parts water. Fix resin-coated papers at 86°F • 30°C for 25 seconds.

Note: Do not use Solution B in this processor.

The Fuckin' Dream Boats Summer 1997

@ Scorpio McSatan's KungFu Lounge, Ann Arbor

Teenage Rockabilly. That's what this was. The Dreamboats played a short set, but in it they managed to confuse the crowd with an Eddie Cochran song. They covered one of his songs, and people thought it was a Sid Vicious song. Then, the set was topped off with a song about Wendy's spicy chicken sandwich, and it's virtues.



Johnny Sodomy

Jimmy Crack

Mr. Goat pants

THE BREWITS

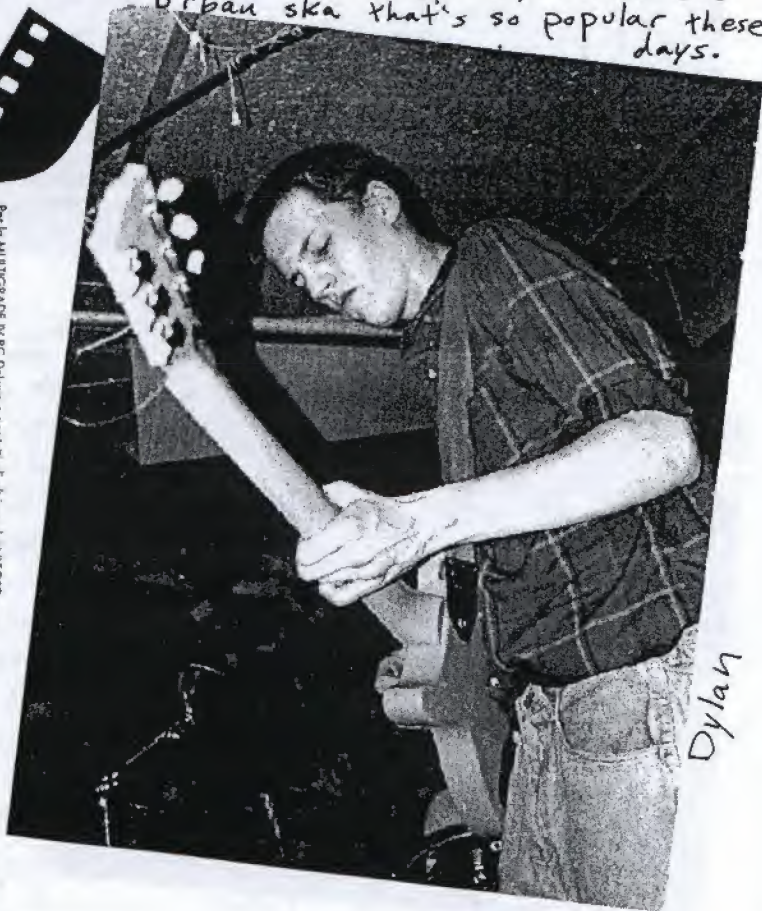
p.20

August, 1997 @ Scorpio McSatan's Kung Fu Lounge

These kids have been making some noise with their reggae/rocksteady influenced music. They're closer to playing those 2 styles than ska. This isn't that typical, sterile sub-urban ska that's so popular these days.



Per la MULTIGRACE IV KC Deluxe e per tutti gli altri prodotti IL FORD sono a disposizione i dati tecnici dettagliati.



Dylan



L.B.

The Brewts just released a 10 song 12" LP
on the
Ann Arbor
label
Reanimator
Records.
And it's
on red
vinyl.



Dylan

Matt

another show at the
Kung Fu Lounge
(R.I.P.)

This was one
of the best
basement's
in Ann Arbor.


Aside from the reggae tendencies, the Brewts also play some straight punk. For example, songs like "Prisoner of America" and "Discrimination Nation". Of course, they play a few covers from time to time. Covers by bands like Negative Approach or Peter & The Test Tube Babies.

Dylan

Kodak developer D-76
ESTIMATED CAPACITY OF SOLUTION

Developer condition	Useful Life		8 x 10"	16"	135
	Tray	Tank			
24 hr	24 hr	1 mo	16	8	16
24 hr	24 hr	—	—	—	—

use and discard after processing time is increased by 15%
time is increased by 15%
time is increased by 15%



Estimate developer D-76

ESTIMATED CAPACITY OF SOLUTION (per gallon)

Developer Dilution	Useful Life		Capacity per Gallon		110F
	Tray	Tank	8 x 10"	135, 126, 522"	
none	24 hr	1 mo	16	128, 828"	110F
1:1	24 hr	—	8	48	104
				24	52

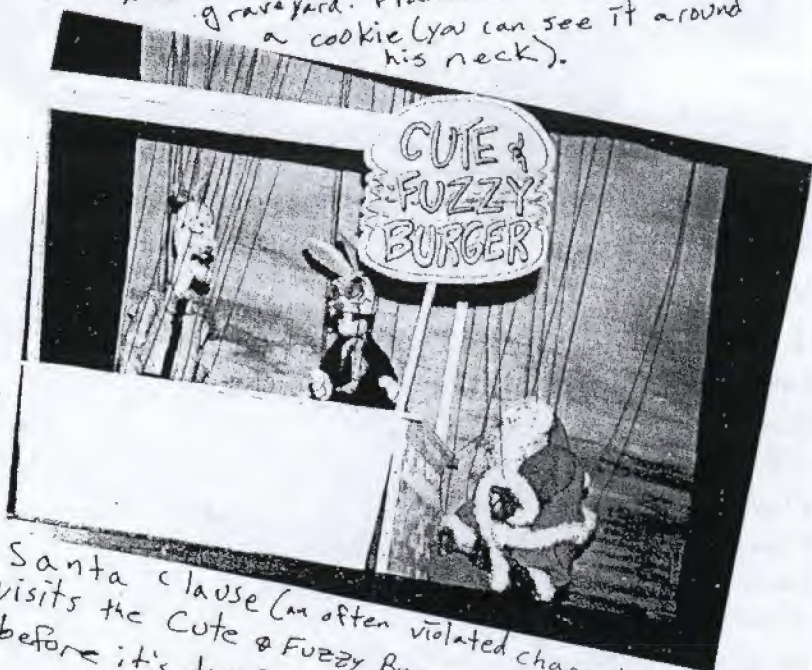
Use just before use and discard after processing.
 Development time is increased by 15% for each 4 sheets or rolls.
 Development time is increased by 5% for each 26 rolls.
 Development time is increased by 15% for each 12 rolls.

1 oz. + 3.32 litres of water at 125°F + 52°C.
 Add contents into the water and stir with sufficient
 suspension until they are dissolved or
 suspension volume so 1 U.S. gallon + 3.32
 in a full, stoppered
 125.1°F + 52°C

All G.P. photos are from Halloween '97.



A cast of monsters hold a party in the graveyard. Frankenstein showed open a cookie (you can see it around his neck).



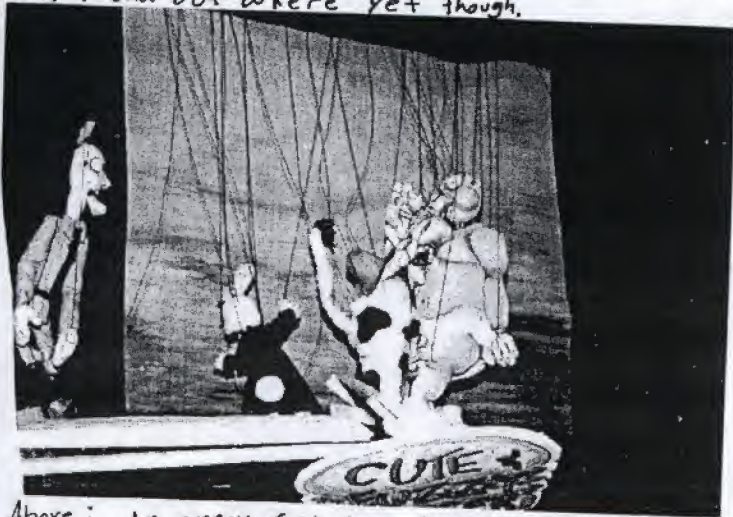
Santa clause (an often violated character) visits the Cute & Fuzzy Burger before it's downfall.

The Gepetto Files

v. 24

@ the Green Room, Halloween '97

A puppet show that is sick and twisted. Also, hysterical beyond belief. At times this show is funnier than the popular TV cartoon 'South Park'. Apparently, the Gepetto Files are aiming to tape a special to be shown on TV somewhere. I haven't found out where yet though.



Above: An angry cow & a huge baby destroy Cuted & Fuzzy Burger, run by a rabbit

The content of a G.F. show ranges from the meaning of love to some guy w/a gas mask trapped in a basement to just about darn near anything one can imagine. The Gepetto Files do shows around Ann Arbor & the Detroit area quite a bit. They're gettin' bigger, so keep an eye on this act. Here's an added bonus: They like to have bands play with them. I've been to a few shows where local bands will play, then the Gepetto Files take the stage.



PRESENTS...

also available:

hwr-001 MAZINGA
"legacy" 7" (4 songs)
hwr-002 DIE CRUISIN'
"night of mystery" 7" (4 songs)
hwr-003 MAZINGA/ ADAM WEST
split 7" (4 songs)
hwr-004 The BREWTS
s/t 12" (10 songs)



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Forbidden Dimension),
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Starlight Drifters (rock-
abilly) and many
more! 29 tracks in all!
\$10 ppd US (\$13 world)



Here's all the people to thank for this issue:
All the bands featured, the puppet show, Damon,
Deb @ the Echo (this zine wouldn't be possible w/out her),
Westside Fred, Autumn @ Cat's Meow & Scott @
Vinyl Addicts for allowing my zine in their stores,
my family, all the other zines I've traded with,
Brian B. & Shida M. for trading photo's with
me, Jeff 9Volt (AKA Bobby Semen), the awesome
guy at Accucopy for being friendlier & cheaper
than Kinko's, Guy my pen-pal in England, Adams.
(Adam, I can do the cover first if I damn well
please), and of course the readers/lookers
on. Thanks.

While putting this thing together I listened
to a bunch of Nick Cave (Murder Ballads), New
Math, the UK SUBS, and Forbidden Dimension. I
read a few books too: Brave New World and
Son of A Wanted Man.

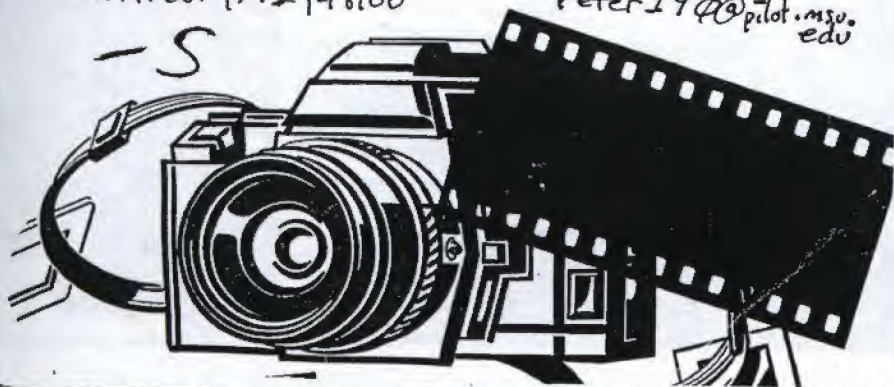
Letters, feedback, hate mail, whatever can be
sent to me at:

P.O. Box 1582

Ann Arbor, MI, 48106

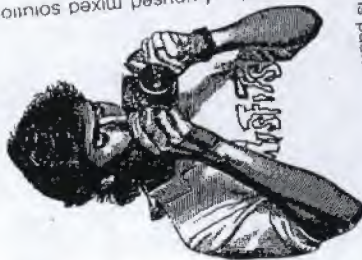
or e-mail

Peter19@pilot.msu.edu



Constant Agitation

P.O. Box 1582
Ann Arbor, MI
48106-1582



Storage life of unused mixed solution:
1 week in a tray
4 weeks in a processing tank with a floating cover
4 weeks in a storage tank with a floating cover

Films and Plates

• TO PREPARE A FIXING BATH FOR FILMS AND PLATES

To make this volume of fixing bath	1 gal. 3.8 L.	1/2 gal. 1.9 L.	32 fl. oz. 946 ml.	3 1/2 fl. oz. 102 ml.	4. Add water to bring solution to this volume. Stir until
1. Start with this volume of water at 60 to 80°F. 16 to 27°C.					com. Framkallning 1 skäl
2. Add this volume of Solution A					
3. With rapid agitation, add this volume of Solution B					

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IFORD PAPER FIXER	1+3 18-24
Sköljning	
Friskt, rinnande vatten	Över 5



Photos Are Fun, Take Some
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2000RT kemi anv
framkallningsmask
2000RT kemi anv

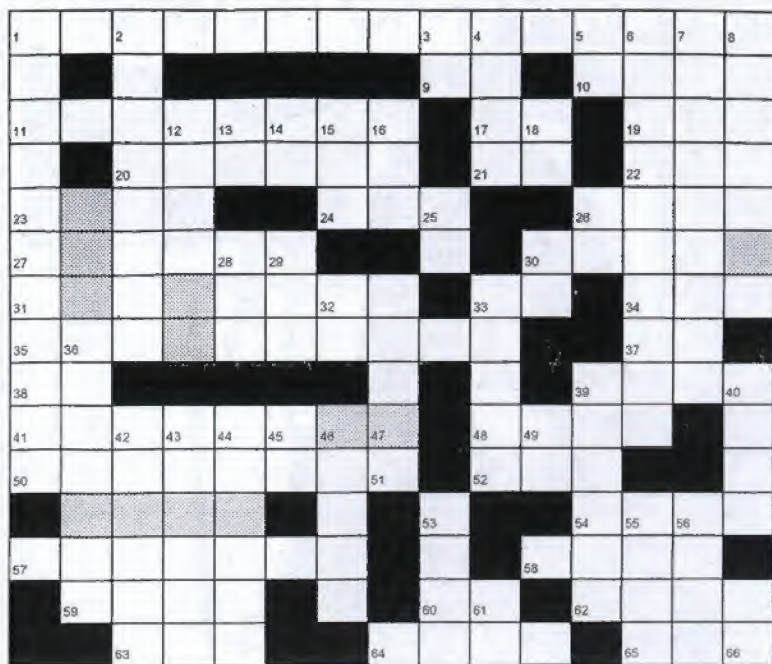
KODAK PANATOMIC-X Roll Films
Fixing times for specific films and for Kodak plates are given in the instructions pack-



EXPOSURE ORDER
• Develop ISO 400-27
• When accurate color rendition is required, test
be made to determine the best filter and exposure
• For critical use, a color compensating filter may
under normal exposure conditions
EXPOSURE GUIDE TABLE

PLACE A
STAMP
HERE

FIXING TIMES
20-5°C.



by G.H. & J.R.

Punk rock crossword puzzle

This is my first time making a crossword puzzle, so sorry if it sucks. There are at least three nonsense words that aren't numbered, but that's pretty good out of 63, right? If ya don't like it piss off


DOWN

1. Billy's punk band
2. Sonic Reducers the _____
3. Bad Brains singer
4. Obnoxious singer of the Lemonheads
5. House Committee on _____ American Activities.
6. New band with the singer of early Detroit hardcore band #61 down.
7. Mothersbaugh often spoke of "De- _____"
8. This band's album is #16 Down's "_____ Much, Too Soon"
12. "_____ This Job and Shove It" (4 letters)
13. The Heartbreakers, Voidoids, Television, etc. came from this city.
14. The Dickies' "Walk Like An _____"
15. Initials of 80's Detroit Oil/Hardcore band
16. See #8 Down
18. Sid & Nancy were _____-dependent
25. Initials of popular underground music zine
26. gym
28. Sometimes worn by David Johansen
29. 1st three letters of the 1st word in #15 down
30. The Nuns and Crime were from this town's scene

32. Initials of #50 Down's debut album
33. Sid's Frank Sinatra cover
36. Cock _____'s "Runnin' Riot"
39. Not Terry Chimes
40. The Boys reformed as the _____
42. Captain Sensible is a _____ fool.
43. One Way _____
44. The Jam distinguished themselves from the punk scene _____ (2 words)
45. May find on trees during Samhain
46. This puzzle's creator
47. (Up) _____ & The Bastards
49. Punk gang in 80's film "Suburbia"
51. Legendary band from #32 Down
53. See #22 Across
55. Early D.C. Oil/Core band _____ Cross
56. The Specials sang of a "Stereo- _____"
61. See #6 Down (initials)
66. (Up) "_____ Are 135"

ACROSS

1. Patriotic Pistol's song
9. Glenn Danzig probably tours in one
10. The Village People were still singing about being in the _____ when the Damned's New Rose single came out
11. "Neal _____"
17. Initials of this offensive Crass associated band
19. "SPEAK English OR DIE"
20. #50 Across's "Everything Turned _____" with singer Poly Styrene
21. Andy Blade sings about "_____ Brains"
22. #53 Down is no longer "_____ S(notty)"
23. Loud, obnoxious bass player of Barbed Wire, Losers, and pills frame. 1st name and last initial
24. Canadian band that coined the term "Hardcore" There was also a DC band of this same name
26. Went on to form Havana 3AM after the Clash-1st name
27. Cool record store in the Bay Area (CA)
30. London band Subway _____ (4 letters)
31. Olga sings "She goes to Fino's" in The _____
33. "Kick Out The Jams _____"
34. One for the Micks-Sequel to Frank McCourt's book "Angela's Ashes"
35. Follower or fanclub of Jimmy Pursey's band
37. 80's streetpunk (backwards)
38. _____ Ivy (abbr.)
39. First name of #1 Down's bass player
41. Language of Youth in A Clockwork Orange
48. Come down on you like _____ of bricks
50. See #20 Across
52. Backwards: "_____ it from my cold, dead hand"
54. They're not for the weak or feeble
57. Courtney Love may have had the singer of this band murdered (after allegedly doing the same to Kurt)
58. In the Young One's Vivien's sleeveless denim jacket reads "_____ Metal" in studs
59. Last name of the Godfather of Punk. (hint: not the local one)
60. Red Alert's "_____ Britain"
62. "Give Em' Enough _____"
63. Bootboys favorite brand
64. Hero of the "Harder They Come"



allied media conference

FROM TRUTH TO POWER

- because being right is not enough.

JUNE 23 - 25, 2006 ~ BOWLING GREEN, OHIO

*How can alternative media go
beyond merely "speaking truth"
and actually change the material
conditions of our world?*

*How do we construct community
media projects that build grassroots
power and progress to social justice?*

THE ALLIED MEDIA CONFERENCE 2006 will bring together some of the most innovative and visionary culture producers, media workers, artists and activists to probe these and other critical questions. Together, we will share skills and ideas and build new networks for action and support. With our tremendous collective skill, ingenuity, and vision, we can use media to build new forms of popular power for the 21st century.

www.amc2006.org

END OF THE SUMMER EVENT PLANNING MEETING

Formerly known as “**Punk Week/Seize the week**” the planning of all events and final decision on the weeks name and direction will begin:

June 11th 2006

Meeting at Rendezvous Café 1110 South
University (Upstairs)
At 2:00 pm

We would like input from a variety of people on this event, so please attend and discuss with us what direction this week should take.

ALL
PUNKS
MEET IN
ST. LOUIS
MAY 25TH
2006

*ann arbor punks(and friends) meet us under the Arch at
2:00pm, May 24th
see you there*